

3 1761 03935 7801



Townley, James
High life below stairs
New and complete ed.

PR
3736
T67H5
1882



DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

BY

REV. JAMES TOWNLEY.



"STAND OFF, YOU ARE A COMMONER!"

NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

LONDON J. DICKS 313, STRAND; ALL BOOKSELLERS.

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

Now Publishing, Price One Penny, Weekly,

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS, AND FREE ACTING DRAMA.

FOR THE REPRESENTATION OF WHICH THERE IS NO LEGAL CHARGE.

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------|---|--------------------------------|--|
| 1 Othello | 64 Good-Natured Man | 120 The First Floor | 182 Deuce is in Him |
| 2 School for Scandal | 65 King John | 121 The Foundling | 183 The Adopted Child |
| 3 Werner | 66 Beaux' Stratagem | 122 Oroonoko | 184 Lovers' Vows |
| 4 Stoops to Conquer | 67 Arden of Faversham | 123 Love a-la-Mode | 185 Maid of the Oaks |
| 5 The Gamester | 68 Trip to Scarborough | 124 Richard II. | 186 The Duenna |
| 6 King Lear | 69 Lady Jane Grey | 125 Siege of Belgrade | 187 The Turnpike Gate |
| 7 A New Way to Pay
Old Debts | 70 Rob Roy | 126 Samson Agonistes | 188 Lady of Lyons |
| 8 The Road to Ruin | 71 Roman Father | 127 Maid of the Mill | 189 Miss in her Teens |
| 9 Merry Wives of Wind-
sor | 72 The Provoked Wife | 128 One o'Clock | 190 Twelfth Night |
| 10 The Iron Chest | 73 The Two Foscari | 129 Who's the Dupe? | 191 Lodoiska |
| 11 Hamlet | 74 Foundling of the
Forest | 130 Mahomet | 192 The Earl of Warwick |
| 12 The Stranger | 75 All the World's a
Stage | 131 Duplicity | 193 Fortuna's Frolics |
| 13 Merchant of Venice | 76 Richard III. | 132 The Devil to Pay | 194 Way to Keep Him |
| 14 The Honeymoon | 77 A Bold Stroke for a
Wife | 133 Troilus and Cressida | 195 Braganza |
| 15 Pizarro | 78 Castle of Sorrento | 134 Ways and Means | 196 No Song no Supper |
| 16 Man of the World | 79 The Inconstant | 135 All in the Wrong | 197 Taming of the Shrew |
| 17 Much Ado About
Nothing | 80 Guy Mannering | 136 Cross Purposes | 198 The Spanish Student |
| 18 The Rivals | 81 The Busy-Body | 137 The Orphan | 199 The Double Dealer |
| 19 Damon and Pythias | 82 Tom and Jerry | 138 Bon Ton | 200 The Mock Doctor |
| 20 Macbeth | 83 Alexander the Great | 139 Tender Husband | 201 Fashionable Lover |
| 21 John Bull | 84 The Liar | 140 El Hyder | 202 The Guardian |
| 22 Fazio | 85 The Brothers | 141 The Country Girl | 203 Cain |
| 23 Speed the Plough | 86 Way of the World | 142 Midas | 204 Rosina |
| 24 Jane Shore. | 87 Cymbeline | 143 Castle of Andalusia | 205 Love's labour's lost |
| 25 Rivalry | 88 She Would and She
Would Not | 144 Two Strings to your
Bow | 206 The Hunchback |
| 26 Antony & Cleopatra | 89 Deserted Daughter | 145 Measure for Mea-
sure | 207 The Apprentice |
| 27 The Wonder | 90 Wives as they Were,
& Maids as they Are | 146 The Miser | 208 Raising the Wind |
| 28 The Miller and His
Men | 91 Every Man in his
Humour | 147 The Haunted Tower | 209 Lovers' Quarrels |
| 29 The Jealous Wife | 92 Midsummer Night's
Dream | 148 The Tailors | 210 The Rent Day |
| 30 Therese | 93 Tamerlane | 149 Love for Love | 211 Chrononhotontho-
logos |
| 31 Brutus | 94 A Bold stroke for a
Husband | 150 Robbers of Calabria | 212 His First Champagne |
| 32 The Maid of Honour | 95 Julius Caesar | 151 Zara | 213 Pericles, Prince of
Tyro |
| 33 A Winter's Tale | 96 All for Love | 152 High Life Below
Stairs | 214 Robinson Crusoe |
| 34 The Poor Gentleman | 97 The Tempest | 153 Marino Faliero | 215 He's Much to Blame |
| 35 Castle Spectre | 98 Richard III. | 154 The Waterman | 216 Ella Rosenberg |
| 36 The Heir-at-Law | | 155 Vespers of Palermo | 217 The Quaker |
| 37 Love in a Village | | 156 The Farm House | 218 School of Reform |
| 38 A Tale of Mystery | | 157 Comedy of Errors | 219 King Henry IV.
(Part I) |
| 39 Douglas. | | 158 The Rump | 220 15 Years of a Drun-
kard's Life |
| 40 The Critic | | | Thomas and Sally |
| 41 George Barnwell | | | Bombastes Furioso |
| 42 Grecian Daughter | | | First Love |
| 43 As You Like It | | | The Somnambulist |
| 44 Oato | | | All's Well that Ends
Well |
| 45 The Beggars' Opera | | | The Lottery Ticket |
| 46 Isabella | | | Gustavus Vasa |
| 47 The Revenge | | | Sweethearts and
Wives |
| 48 Lord of the Manor. | | | The Miller of Mans-
field |
| 49 Romeo and Juliet | | | Black-Eyed Susan |
| 50 Sardanapalus | | | King Henry IV.
(Part 2) |
| 51 The Hypocrite | | | The Station-house |
| 52 Venice Preserved | | | Recruiting Officer |
| 53 Provoked Husband. | | | The Tower of Nesle |
| 54 Glandestine Marriage | | | King Henry V. |
| 55 The Fair Penitent | | | The Rendezvous |
| 56 Two Gentlemen of
Verona | | | Appearance Against
Them |
| 57 Fatal Curiosity | | | |
| 58 Belle's Stratagem | | | |
| 59 Manfred | | | |
| 60 Enle a Wife &c., | | | |
| 61 Bertram | | | |
| 62 Wheel of Fortune | | | |
| 63 The Duke of Milan | | | |
| | 117 School for Wives | 180 My Spouse and I | 233 William Tell |
| | 118 Coriolanus | 181 Every One has his
Fault | 239 Tom Thumb |
| | 119 The Citizen | | 240 The Rake's Progress |



PR

3736

T6745980416

1882

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THE REV. JAMES TOWNLEY



Duke.—"STAND OFF, YOU ARE A COMMONER!"—*Act ii, scene 1.*

Persons Represented.

LOVEL.
FREEMAN.
LORD DUKE.

SIR HARRY.
PHILIP.
TOM.

COACHMAN.
KINGSTON.
KITTY.

LADY CHARLOTTE.
LADY BAB.
COOK, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Freeman's house.*

Enter FREEMAN and LOVEL.

Free. A country boy! Ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lor. Some time. I am now convinced of what you have been so often hinting to me—that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James, than in your kitchen.

Lor. It is with some difficulty I believe it now,

Mr. Freeman; though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare. Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks. If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is a hypocritical rascal—Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him—and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lor. Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid

him your house; however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is a hundred to one if you get anything out of him; for, though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell anything to the disadvantage of another. But what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and puts me upon satisfying my curiosity. Read it.

(*Gives the letter.*)

Free. I should know something of this hand.

(*Reads.*)

"To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.—Please your honour, I take the liberty to acquaint your honour that you are sadly cheated by your servants. Your honour will find it as I say. I am not willing to be known, whereof, if I was, it may bring one into trouble. So no more from your honour's
"Servant to command."

Odd and honest! Well, and now, what are the steps you intend to take?

(*Returns the letter.*)

Lov. My plan is this. I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke—

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him. Instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town—*ecce signum.*

(*Points to his boots.*)

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear; I will be so countryfied that you shall not know me—as they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them; but you must contrive some way or other to get me introduced to Philip as one of your cottagers' boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure. It must be done this afternoon. Walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole. My name shall be Jemmy, and I am come to be a gentleman's servant, and will do my best, and hope to get a good character.

(*Miticking.*)

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil. Come along.

Free. Bravo!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day!—Eating, working, and sleeping. But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters. Ah! my dear Sir Harry!—

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

How have you done these thousand years?

Sir H. My lord duke! your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir H. At Newmarket, my lord—we have had devilish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear; plague take it! I should have been there, but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house for the decency of the thing.

Sir H. I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha! a trifle!

Sir H. The viscount's people have been d——y taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir H. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. Taste this snuff, Sir Harry.

(*Offers his box.*)

Sir H. 'Tis good rappee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H. Ay!

Duke. The City people adulterate it so confoundingly, that I always import my own snuff. I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent. When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore gad! whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

Sir H. I have just had this card from Lovel's people.

(*Reads.*)

"Philip and Mrs. Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and eat a bit of supper."

Duke. I have the same invitation.—Their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H. You'll be with us, my lord? Philip's a blood.

Duke. A buck of the first head! I'll tell you a secret: he's going to be married.

Sir H. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir H. No!

Duke. Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir H. Then we may depend upon your grace, for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in tolerable time, I'll be with you. Have you anything for us?

Sir H. Yes; a little bit of poetry. I must be at the "Cocoa Tree" myself till eight.

Duke. Heigho! I am quite out of sorts—I had a d—d debauch last night, baronet. Lord Francis, Bob the Bishop, and I, tipped off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece. Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith! Lady Bab; ay, and Lady Charlotte.

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Ay, yes! Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion, though I should be glad if she would keep her teeth cleaner. Your English women are d—d negligent about their teeth. How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay; the world says you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, d—n it! that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she's a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money. Rot it, I never save a shilling; indeed, I am sure of a place in the excise. Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night. How do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. Alamode, eh! Here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire.

(They retire.)

Enter LADY BAB'S MAID, and LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

Lady B. Oh! fie! Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your taste.

Lady C. Well, I say it again,—I love Fox-hall.

Lady B. Oh, my stars! Why there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

Lady C. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha! Runelov for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of Runelov, when did you see the colonel, Lady Bab?

Lady B. The colonel! I hate the fellow. He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man, for all that; soldiers, you know, have their mistresses everywhere.

Lady B. I despise him: How goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him. You are to be at Lovel's to-night, Lady Bab?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind. I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh, but Miss Kitty has taste:

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The duke might show his judgment much better.

(Holding up her head.)

Lady C. There he is, and the baronet too. Take no notice of them; we'll rally them by-and-by.

Lady B. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay, let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us, we shall certainly be mobbed.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exeunt.]

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT and SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off, laughing at us. I must follow.

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must. I must have a party of railery with them; a *bon-mot*, or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu! I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, harkye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so, you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle. Adieu!

[Exit.]

Sir H. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read! It was but the other day that he was a cowboy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. Oh, tempora, oh, Moses!

Re-enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Sir Harry, pr'ythee, what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy! I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—

(Makes a motion, *as if* with the dice-box.)

Sir H. Fie, my lord duke!

Duke. Lookye! baronet, I insist on it. Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it? But I shall lose the girls. How grave you look! Ha, ha, ha! Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But, my dear lord! I shall be quite miserably without you.

Duke. Well, I won't be particular—I'll do as the rest do. Tol, lol, lol!

[Exit, singing and dancing.]

Sir H. He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the City, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment: so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry

I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company. My master is gone into Devonshire; we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir H. The duke tells me so.

Phil. The duke's a fool!

Sir H. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you; Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch. I have such wine for you!

Sir H. I am gone, Phil.

Phil. Egad! the cellar shall bleed; I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor; my master would have given his ears for some of it to-day, to treat my Lord What-d'ye-call-him with; but I told him it was all gone; eh! Charity begins at home; eh! Odsso! here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend. He's a dry one! Don't let us be seen together—he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away! Remember, Burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right! Long corks! eh, Phil? (*Mimics the drawing of a cork.*) Yours!

[Exit.

Phil. Now for a cast of my office; a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary. Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh! Philip; how do you do, Philip? You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss, indeed, sir. So good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time. Sir, your servant.

(Going.)

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants, at such times, are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to fry a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir. Sir, your servant.

(Going.)

Free. Oh, Mr. Philip! pray, stay; you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, sir.

(Bows.)

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest—(*Phil bows*)—rascals in the world!

(Aside.)

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man; poor fellow! he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of them, a tall, gawey boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlicked cub!

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir; now my master is absent, I shall have

a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir; in two months, I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it.

(Aside.)

Phil. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James; and, for a table, or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or anything—

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea; I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you. (Aside.) Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly!

(Aside.)

Phil. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now, directly. Call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute; I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages. Hump!

Free. How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant!

[Exit.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas. D—n all such sneaking scoundrels, I say!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Servant's Hall in Lovel's house.*

KINGSTON and Coachman, drunk and sleepy, discovered. Knocking at the door.

King. Somebody knocks. Coachy, go! go to the door, coachy!

Coach. I'll not go; do you go, you black dog!

King. Devil shall fetch me, if I go!

(Knocking.)

Coach. Why, then, let them stay; I'll not go, d—e! Ay, knock the door down, and let yourselves in.

(Knocking.)

King. Ay, ay! knock again, knock again!

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire, so he can't be there; so I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I; I'll go to sleep, too.

Coach. You lie, devil! you shall not go to sleep, till I am asleep. I am the king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but, when you are drunk, you are sulky as a hell. Here is cooky coming; she is king and queen, too.

Enter COOK.

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times, and nobody hears. Why, coachman, Kingston, ye drunken bears! why won't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, cook; you go.

Cook. Hang me, if I go!

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go; Mollys, Pollsy, go!

Cook. Out, you black toad! It is none of my business, and go I will not.

(Sits down.)

Enter PHILIP, with LOVEL, disguised.

Phil. I might have stayed at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket. What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Ah! my lads: what, finished already? These are the very best of servants. Poor fellows! I suppose, they have been drinking their master's good journey. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't!

(Aside.)

Phil. Yo, ho! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by! They are as fast as a church. Jemmy!

Lov. Anan?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes, I loves ale.

Phil. You dog! you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy! What's that?

Phil. Cook, wake these honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake them, sir, if I might, eh?

Phil. Do, Jemmy; wake them, Jemmy. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip! Mr. Coachman!

(Gives him a slap on the face.)

Coach. Oh, oh! What! Zounds! Oh! d—n you!

Lov. What, blackey! blackey!

(Pulls him by the nose.)

King. Oh, oh! What now? Curse you! Cet tam you!

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! Well done, Jemmy. Cook, see these gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up! I say so, too; not I, indeed!

Coach. She sha'n't see us to bed, we'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together.

[Exit with coachman, reeling.]

Phil. You see how we live, boy?

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure. Who else? Ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph!

(Aside.)

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. So!

(Aside.)

Cook. Pr'ythee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm Squire Freeman's boy, eh?

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound, and you

may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a-week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! That is good. Freeman shall have it.

(Aside.)

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said, cook! that is right; the perquisite is the think, cook!

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe?

(Calls.)

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress!

Cook. Take that box, and follow me.

[Exit.]

Cloe. Yes, mistress! (Takes the box.) Who is this? (Seeing Lovel.) He, he, he! Oh! this is pretty boy! He, he, he! Oh, this is pretty red hair! He, he, he! You shall be in love with me by-and-by. He, he!

[Exit, chucking Lovel under the chin.]

Lov. A very pretty amour! (Aside.) Oh, la! what a fine room this is! Is this the dining-room, pray, sir?

Phil. No; our drinking-room.

Lov. La, la! what a fine lady here is! This is madam, I suppose.

Enter KITTY.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame, his honour should wear any longer. Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here?

(Lovel bows.)

Phil. A boy of Freeman's; a poor, silly fool!

Lov. Thank you!

(Aside.)

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil.

(Fawningly.)

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and, with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellows family—

Lov. A dog! (Aside.) Oh, la, la! What, have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead!

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear!

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded.

(Aside.)

Kit. You know my education was a very gen-

teel one; I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native. *Comment vous portez vous, mounseer.*

(Awkwardly.)

Phil. Psha—psha!

Kit. One is nothing without French. I shall shine in the bar. Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anan!

Kit. Anan! Oh, the fool! Ha, ha, ha! Come here, do, and let me mould you a little; you must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

(She ties and powders his hair.)

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! Oh, the natural! This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy; it is so coarse, and so carrotty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil and Kit. Ha, ha, ha!

(Loud laugh.)

Kit. There, now you are something like. Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the "Servants' Guide."

Phil. Come, sir; first, hold up your head. Very well! Turn out your toes, sir. Very well! Now call "Coach!"

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, sir: "Coach, coach, coach!"

(Loud.)

Lov. Coach, coach, coach, coach!

(Imitating.)

Phil. Admirable! The knave has a good ear. Now, sir, tell me a lie!

Lov. Oh, la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now. What is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand to it. Now I'll lecture him. (Takes out a book.) This is "The Servants' Guide to Wealth, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the Customs: necessary for all servants."

Phil. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains; and remember them well. Come, Kitty, begin.

Kit. (Reads.) "Advice to the Footmen.

"Let it for ever be your plan

To be the master, not the man;

And do as little as you can."

Lov. He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all—net I.

Kit. (Reads.) "To the Groom.

"Never allow your master able

To judge of matters in the stable.

If he should roughly speak his mind,

Or to dismiss you seem inclin'd,

Lame the best horse, or break his wind."

Lov. Oddines! that's good! He, he, he!

Kit. (Reads.) "To the Coachman.

"If your good master on you doats,

Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,

But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,

And let the horses eat the manger."

Lov. Eat the manger! He, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time. Here, boy; take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! very good! But now for business.

Kit. Right. I'll go and get one of the damask tablecloths and some napkins; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart.

[Exit.

Phil. That it shall. Come, Jemmy.

[Exit.

Lov. So, so. It works well.

[Aside, and exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Servants' Hall, with the supper and sideboard set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL discovered.

Kit. Well, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart? Now let them come as soon as they will; we shall be ready for them.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know. He is a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh, I know him. He is one of your sneaking, half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. Here he is.

Enter TOM.

And why won't you make one to-night, Tom?

Here's cook, and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honestier than you, I hope, and not brag, neither.

Kit. Harkee, Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy!

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah—cully! Afraid, sirrah, afraid of what?

(Goes up to Tom.)

Phil. Ay, sir, afraid of what?

(Goes up on other side.)

Lov. Ay, sir, afraid of what?

(Goes up to Tom.)

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house. And that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged!

(Strikes Lovel.)

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow!

(*Aside.*)

Tom. I'll strike him again. 'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad! madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses. There's your good friend, Mother Barter, the old clothes-woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, sir, and did you never—eh?

Tom. No, never. I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that. (*Snapping his fingers.*) His honour is a prince; gives noble wages, and keeps noble company. And yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers. Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue is the only honest servant in my house.

(*Aside.*)

Kit. Out, you mealy-mouthed cur!

Phil. Well, go tell his honour, do. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that. D—n an informer! But yet, I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other, that's all.

[*Exit.*]

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel! you will not. (*Aside.*) Oh, la! here is a fine gentleman.

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Ah, ma cher mademoiselle! comment vous portez vous?

(*Salute.*)

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by whole sale.

Duke. How do you do, Phillip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But, my dear Kitty—

(*They talk apart.*)

Phil. Jemmy!

Lov. Adan!

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Ees, I wull. But won't you ask he to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by. Come along.

Lov. Ees.

[*Exit, with Philip.*]

Kit. Indeed, I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up. You have a d—d vile collection of pictures, I observed above stairs, Kitty. Your squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste, that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick them up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre eau-de-luce. My head aches confoundedly! (*She gives a smelling-bottle.*) Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. Pardonnez moi for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be the godfather, faith!

Kit. How you rattle, duke! I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, mademoiselle.

Kit. Your grace loves a play.

Duke. No; it is a dull, old-fashioned entertainment. I hate it.

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one, then. You are devilish handsome, Kate! Kiss me.

(*Offers to kiss her.*)

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Sir H. Oh, ho! Are you thereabouts, my lord duke? That may do very well by-and-by. However, you'll never find me behind-hand.

(*Offers to kiss her.*)

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner! Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! Ha, ha, ha! A mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. Oh, lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry; that is good morality.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord. Now, Sir Harry.

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds! sir. What do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine, old, noble blood spilt here. Have done, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Not I: why he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity.

(*Slow.*)

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies?

(*Quick.*)

Kit. Peace, peace! Here's Lady Bab.

Enter LADY BAB'S SERVANT, in a chair.

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your servant. I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do? My

lord duke, your servant, and Sir Harry, too, yours.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted.

Lady B. I am afraid I have trespassed in point of time. (Looks at her watch.) But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes; I found her ladyship at her studies this morning—some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh, you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship fond of?

Lady B. Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Kit. Shikspur, Shikspur! Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID, in a chair.

Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. Oh! Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholice seized me! Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here? My chairmen were such drones. My lord duke! the pink of all good breeding!

Duke. Oh, madam!

(Bowling.)

Lady C. And Sir Harry! Your servant, Sir Harry.

(Formally.)

Sir H. Madam, your servant. I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park!

Sir H. The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations.

(Scornfully.)

Sir H. Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coolness, of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is. Nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog, the marquis—

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir. The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I—I, madam? I scorn such a thing! I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad! I am confounded! My lord duke, what shall I say to her? Pray, help me out!

(Aside.)

Duke. Ask her to show her legs. Ha, ha, ha!

(Aside.)

Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, laden with bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble your blood. Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lov. (Affecting to be drunk.) Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk!

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free—I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, madam; I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships, too.

[Aside and exit.]

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper?

Enter COOK, COACHMAN, KINGSTON, and CLOE.

Come here. Where are all our people? I'll couple you. My lord duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry and Lady Charlotte; coachman and cook; and the two devils will dance together. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. With submission, the country-dances by-and-by.

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us.

(Sir Harry bows.)

All. Minuet, Sir Harry; minuet, Sir Harry.

Kit. Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

(A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty; awkward and conceited.)

Lady C. Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper. A gentleman and a lady. (They sit down.) Here is claret, burgundy, and champagne, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle. If any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port! 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free, the more welcome, as they say in my country. The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves.

(A pause.)

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "Hob or nob!"

Lady C. Done, my lord; in burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart, and mine, and the friends of the company.

(They drink. A pause.)

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen! A bumper all round; I have a health for you. Here is the amendment of our masters and mistresses.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

(Loud laugh. A pause.)

Kit. Ladies, pray: what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha!

(Loud laugh.)

Phil. My lord duke, your toast?

Duke. Lady Betty!

Phil. Oh, no! A health and a sentiment.

Duke. Let us have a song. Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it? Well, then, Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you. Will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song! Ay, ay! Sir Harry's song, Sir Harry's song!

Duke. A song, to be sure; but, first, *preludio*. (Kisses Kitty.) Pray gentlemen, put it about.

(Kisses round. Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.)

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse. But, hem! I must clear up my pipes—hem! This is Sir Harry's song; being a new one, entitled, and called the "Fellow-Servant; or, All in a Livery."

SONG.—KITTY.

Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,
I'll show you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.

Chorus.—Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark, in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and they smile, is blest;
What is he, 'faith! but a servant at best?

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

Phil. How do you like it, my lord duke?

Duke. It is a d—d, vile composition!

Phil. How so?

Duke. Oh, very low! Very low, indeed!

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! You are a rascal! I'll pull you by the nose.

(All rise.)

Duke. Lookye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name, your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! What you will—pistols!

Duke. Done! Behind Montague House!

Sir H. Done! With seconds!

Duke. Done!

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen! My lord duke! Sir Harry!—the ladies!—fie! (Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing. A violent knocking. Kitty faints.) What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [Exit Kingston.] It sounds like my master's rap. Pray heaven it is not he!

Enter KINGSTON.

Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr. Freeman; I peeped through the keyhole, and saw them by the lamplight. Tom has just let them in.

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what. Away with the things!

Phil. Away with the wine! away with the plate! Here, coachman, cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand. Out with the candles! Away away!

(They carry away the table, &c.)

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

(They all run about in confusion.)

Kit. Run up-stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no! He'll see you, then.

Sir H. What the devil had I to do here?

Duke. Plague take it! face it out.

Sir H. Oh, no; these West Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Loc. (Without.) Philip! Where's Philip?

Phil. Oh, the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs; Sir Harry, run down into the cellar. My lord duke, get into the pantry. Away, away!

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Anywhere, anywhere! Up the chimney, if you will.

Phil. There; in with you.

(They all go into the pantry.)

Loc. (Without.) Philip, Philip!

Phil. Coming, sir. (Aloud.) Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. Egad! this is Black Monday with us. Sit down; seem to read your book. Here he is, as drunk as a piper.

(They sit down.)

Enter LOVEL with pistols, affecting to be drunk! FREEMAN following.

Loc. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons? What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk, indeed. (Aside.) Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay; they have been well employed, I dare say.—Ha, ha, ha!

Loc. Come, sit down, Freeman. Lie you there. (Lays his pistols down.) I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip?

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Loc. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phil. Accounts, sir—to-night?

Loc. Yes, to-night; I find myself perfectly clear; you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Loc. No; I'll settle them all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Loc. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Loc. What a cursed lie that is!

(Aside.)

Duke. Philip, Philip, Philip!

(Peeping out.)

Phil. Plague take you! Hold your tongue!

(Aside.)

Free. You have just nicked them in the very minute.

(Aside to Lovel.)

Lov. I find I have. Mum! (Aside to Freeman.) Get some wine, Philip.

[Exit Philip.]

Though I must eat something before I drink. Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lord, your honour! we are at board wages!

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it. Here. (Rises.) Open the pantry-door. I'll be about your board wages! I have treated you often, now you shall treat your matter.

Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of anything in the world in the pantry.

(Opposing him.)

Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman. Let us have a crust of bread, and a bottle of wine.

(Sits down again.)

Sir H. (Peeping.) Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty!

Kit. Peace, on your life!

(Aside.)

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's, sir. Hem!

(Somebody in the pantry sneezes.)

Re-enter PHILIP, with wine.

We are undone! undone!

(Aside.)

Phil. Oh! that is the duke's d—d rappee!

(Aside.)

Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought.

Lov. D—n it! there are thieves in the house! I'll be among them.

(Takes a pistol.)

Kit. Lackaday, sir! it was only the cat. They sometimes sneeze, for all the world, like a Christian. Here! Jack, Jack! He has got a cold, sir. Puss, puss!

Lov. A cold, then! I'll cure him. Here, Jack, Jack! puss, puss!

Kit. Your honour won't be so rash; pray your honour, don't.

(Opposing him.)

Lov. Stand off! Here, Freeman, here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed, as you see. Freeman, I'll hold you five to four—nay, I'll hold you two to one—I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry-door.

Free. Try—try; but I think it impossible.

Lov. I am a d—d good marksman! (Cocks the pistol, and points it at the pantry-door.) Now for it! (A violent shriek, and all is discovered.) Who the devil are these? One, two, three, four!

Phil. These are particular friends of mine, sir; servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our expense, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.

Lov. Take up that bottle. (Philip takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.) Bring it back. Do you usually entertain your company with tokay, monsieur?

Phil. I, sir! treat with wine!

Lov. Oh, yes! From humble port to imperial tokay! Yes, I loves kokay.

(Mimicking himself.)

Phil. How! Jemmy, my master!

(Aside.)

Kit. Jemmy! The devil!

(Aside.)

Phil. Your honour is, at present, in liquor; but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Lov. (Changing his countenance.) We'll set all to rights, now. There, I'm sober, at your service. What have you to say, Philip? (Philip starts.) You may well start. Go!—get out of my sight.

Duke. Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his grace, the Duke of—

Lov. And the impudent familiarity to assume his title. Your grace will give me leave to tell you, that is the door; and if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my lord duke, I will break every bone in your grace's skin. Begone! I beg your ladyship's pardon, perhaps they cannot go without chairs. Ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

(Sir Harry steals off.)

Duke. Low-bred fellows!

Exit

Lady C. I thought how this visit would turn out.

[Exit.

Lady B. They are downright hottenpots!

[Exit.

Phil. I hope your honour will not take away our & bread.

Lov. "Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate-house; you'll shine in the bar, madam." I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil.

& Oh, sir! Good sir!

Kit.

Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning. And there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "night and morning before you say your prayers."

Kit. I am ruined and undone.

[Exit.

Lov. But you, sir, for your villany, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to show you the way out. Your keys, sir.

(Philip gives the keys.)

Enter TOM.

Tom, I respect and value you; you are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement. Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of

my house. (*Points to Philip.*) And then, take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been!

[*Exit with Tom.*]

Free. You have made Tom very happy.

Lov. And I intend to make your Robert so, too; every honest servant should be made happy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DICKS' ENGLISH CLASSICS.

DICKS' SHAKESPEARE, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—Complete: containing all the great Poet's Plays, 37 in number, from the Original Text. The whole of his Poems, with Memoir and Portrait and 37 Illustrations.

BYRON'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—A New Edition of the Works of Lord Byron. 636 Pages, 21 Illustrations.

POPE'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—The works of Alexander Pope, complete. With Notes, by Joseph Wharton, D.D. Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS, Ninepence. Per post, 3d. extra.—The Works of Oliver Goldsmith, with Memoir and Portrait. New and complete Illustrated Edition.

MRS. HEMANS' WORKS, Ninepence. Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Vignette.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition of the Poems of Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated.

LONGFELLOW'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

MILTON'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new Edition, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

COWPER'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

WORDSWORTH'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.

BURNS' POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—This new and complete Edition of the Poems of Robert Burns is elaborately illustrated, and contains the whole of the Poems, Life, and Correspondence of the great Scottish Bard.

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.

THOMSON'S SEASONS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—The works of James Thomson, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and four Illustrations.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, Sixpence. Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Translation, complete, with numerous Illustrations.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, Illustrated.—Twopence. Post-free: 2½d. Unabridged Edition. (REMIT HALFPENNY STAMPS.

DICKS' ENGLISH NOVELS.

Now Publishing, in perfect volume form, price Sixpence, a Series of Original Novels, by the most Popular Authors. Each Novel contains from TEN TO TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. For a Woman's Sake. W. Phillips.
2. Against Tide. Miriam Ross.
3. Hush Money. C. H. Ross.
4. Talbot Harland. W. H. Ainsworth.
5. Will She Have Him? A. Graham.
6. Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens.
7. Counterfeit Coin. Author of "Against Tide."
8. Entrances & Exits. Author of "Anstrutha."
9. Eugene Aram. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.
10. Tower Hill. W. H. Ainsworth.
11. Rose & Shamrock. Author of "Lestelle."
12. South-Sea Babbie. W. H. Ainsworth.
13. Nobody's Fortune. Edmund Yates.
14. Twenty Straws. Author of "Carynthia."
15. Lord Lisle's Daughter. C. M. Braine.
16. After Many Years. Author of "Against Tide."
17. Rachel, the Jewess. M. E. O. Malen.
18. What is to be. Author of "Twenty Straws."
19. John Trevelyn's Revenge. E. Phillips.
20. Bond by a Spell. H. Kobak.
21. Yellow Diamond. Author of "Lestelle."
22. The Younger Son. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
23. Pelham. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.
24. Naomi. Author of "Rachel."
25. Sweet & Garnished. A. W. Thompson.
26. Jennie Gray. Author of "Against Tide."
27. Lestelle. Author of "Yellow Diamond."
28. Tracked. Author of "Bond by a Spell."
29. Carynthia. Author of "Twenty Straws."
30. Violet and Rose. Author of "Blue Bell."
31. Cost of a Secret. Author of "Two Pearls."
32. Terrible Tales. By G. A. Sala.
33. Doomed. Author of "Tracked."
34. White Lady. Author of "Ingartha."
35. Link your Chain. Author of "Blue Bell."
36. Two Pearls. Author of "Lestelle."
37. Young Cavalier. Author of "Tracked."
38. The Shadow Hand. Author of "Naomi."
39. Wentworth Mystery. Watts Phillips.
40. Merry England. W. H. Ainsworth.
41. Blue Bell. Author of "Link your Chain."
42. Humphrey Grant's Will. Author of "Doomed."
43. Jessie Phillips. Mrs. Trollope.
44. A Desperate Deed. By Erskine Boyd.
45. Blanche Fleming. By Sara Dunn.
46. The Lost Earl. By F. McDermott.
47. The Gipsy Bride. By M. E. O. Malen.
48. Last Days of Pompeii. By Sir E. L. Bulwer.
49. The Lily of St. Erme. By Mrs. Crow.
50. The Goldsmith's Wife. W. H. Ainsworth.
51. Hawthorne. By M. E. O. Malen.
52. Bertha. By Author "Bond by a Spell."
53. To Rank through Crime. By R. Griffiths.
54. The Stolen Will. By M. E. O. Malen.
55. Pumps and Vanities. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
56. Fortune's Favourites. By Sara Dunn.
57. Mysterious House in Chelsea. By E. Boyd.
58. Two Countesses & Two Lives. By E. Boyd.
59. Playing to Win. George Manville Fenn.
60. The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens.
61. Doon of the Dancing Master. C. H. Ross.
62. Wife's Secret. Author of "The Heiress."
63. Castlerose. Margaret Blount.
64. Golden Fairy. Author of "Lestelle."
65. The Birthright. Author of "Castlerose."
66. Misery Joy. Author of "Hush Money."
67. The Mortimers. Author of "Wife's Secret."
68. Chetwynd Calverley. W. H. Ainsworth.
69. Woman's Wiles. Mrs. Crow.
70. Ashfield Priory. Author of "Rachel."
71. Brent Hall. By Author of "Birthright."
72. Lance Urquhart's Loves. Annie Thomas.
73. For Her Natural Life. Mrs. Winstanley.
74. Marion's Quest. Mrs. Laws.
75. Imogen Herbert. Author of "Mortimers."
76. Lady Laura's Wraith. P. McDermott.
77. Fall of Somerset. W. H. Ainsworth.
78. Pearl of Levenby. By M. E. O. Malen.
79. My Lady's Master. By C. Stevens.
80. Beatrice Tyldesley. By W. H. Ainsworth.
81. Overtaken. By Starr Rivers.
82. Held in Thrall. By Mrs. L. Crow.
83. Ernest Maitravers. By Sir E. L. Bulwer.
84. Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens.
85. Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens.
86. Barnaby Rudge. By Charles Dickens.
87. Paul Clifford. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.
88. Klenzi. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Price SIXPENCE; post free, 9d. EXCEPT ENTRANCES AND EXITS and NOBODY'S FORTUNE, double size, ONE SHILLING. Remit Halfpenny Stamps.

London JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Favourite Illustrated Magazines of the Day, for the Home Circle,

BOW BELLS,

Published Every Wednesday, contains

Twenty-four large folio Pages of Original Matter by Popular Writers, and about Twelve Illustrations by Eminent Artists, and is the Largest in the World.

The General Contents consist of Two or Three Continuous Novels, Tales of Adventure founded on fact, Tales of Heroism, also founded on fact, History and Legends of Old Towns, with Illustrative Sketches from the Original Pictures, Complete Stories, Tales, Picturesque Sketches, Tales of Operas, Lives of Celebrated Actresses (past and present), Adventures, National Customs, Curious Facts, Memoirs with Portraits of Celebrities of the Day, Essays, Poetry, Fine Art Engravings, Original and Select Music, Pages Devoted to the Ladies, The Work-Table, Receipts, Our Own Sphinx, Acting Charades, Chess, Varieties, Sayings and Doings, Notices to Correspondents, &c.

Weekly, One Penny. Monthly Parts, Ninepence. Remit Threehalfpence in Stamps, for Specimen Copy.

With the Monthly Parts are Presented:—Fancy Needlework Supplements, Coloured Parisian Plates, Berlin Wool Patterns, Fashionable Parisian Head-dresses, Point Lace Needlework, &c. &c.

ALL THE BEST AVAILABLE TALENT, ARTISTIC AND LITERARY, ARE ENGAGED.

Volumes I to XXXVI, elegantly bound, Now Ready.

Each Volume contains nearly 300 Illustrations, and 640 Pages of Letterpress. These are the most handsome volumes ever offered to the Public for Five Shillings. Post-free, One Shilling and Sixpence extra.

COMPANION WORK TO BOW BELLS.

Simultaneously with Bow BELLS is issued, Price One Penny, in handsome wrapper,

BOW BELLS NOVELETTES.

This work is allowed to be the handsomest Periodical of its class in cheap literature. The authors and artists are of the highest repute. Each number contains a complete Novelette of about the length of a One-Volume Novel.

Bow Bells Novelettes consists of sixteen large pages, with three beautiful illustrations, and is issued in style far superior to any other magazines ever published. The work is printed in a clear and good type, on paper of a fine quality.

Bow Bells Novelettes is also published in Parts, Price Sixpence, each part containing Four Complete Novels. Vols. I to VII, each containing Twenty-five complete Novels, bound in elegantly coloured cover, price 2s. 6d., or bound in cloth, gilt-lettered, 4s. 6d.

EVERY WEEK.—This Illustrated Periodical, containing sixteen large pages, is published every Wednesday, simultaneously with Bow BELLS, it is the only Halfpenny Periodical in England, and is about the size of the largest weekly journal except Bow BELLS. A Volume of this Popular Work is published Half-yearly. Vol. XXVI, now ready, price Two Shillings. Weekly, One Halfpenny. Monthly, Threepence.

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF OLD CASTLES AND ABBEYS.—With Illustrations from Original Sketches. The Historical Facts are compiled from the most authentic sources, and the Original Legends and Engravings are written and drawn by eminent Authors and Artists. The Work is printed in bold, clear type, on good paper; and forms a handsome and valuable Work, containing 743 quarto pages, and 190 Illustrations. Price Twelve Shillings and Sixpence.

DICKS' EDITION OF STANDARD PLAYS.—Price One Penny each. Comprising all the most Popular Plays, by the most Eminent Writers. Most of the Plays contain from 16 to 32 pages, are printed in clear type, on paper of good quality. Each Play is Illustrated, and sewn in an illustrated Wrapper. Numbers 1 to 320, now ready.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Price One Shilling. Post free, 1s. 6d. This remarkably cheap and useful book contains everything for everybody, and should be found in every household.

DICKS' BRITISH DRAMA.—Comprising the Works of the most Celebrated Dramatists. Complete in 12 Volumes. Each volume containing about 20 plays. Every Play Illustrated. Price One Shilling each Volume. Per Post, Fourpence extra.

BOW BELLS HANDY BOOKS.—A Series of Little Books under the above title. Each work contains 64 pages, printed in clear type, and on fine paper.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|---|
| 1. Etiquette for Ladies. | 3. Language of Flowers. | 5. Etiquette on Courtship and Marriage. |
| 2. | 4. Guide to the Ball Room. | |

Price 3d. Post free, 3½d. Every family should possess the Bow BELLS HANDY BOOKS.

THE TOILETTE: A Guide to the Improvement of Personal Appearance and the Preservation of Health. A New Edition, price 1s., or by post, 1s. 1d., cloth, gilt.

London: JOHN DICKS, 513, Strand; and all Booksellers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSIC.

DICKS' PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

This book is full music size, and contains instructions and exercises, full of simplicity and melody, which will not weary the student in their study, thus rendering the work the best Pianoforte Guide ever issued. It contains as much matter as those tutors for which six times the amount is charged. The work is printed on toned paper of superior quality, in good and large type. Price One Shilling; post free, Twopence extra.

CZERNY'S STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

These celebrated Studies in precision and velocity, for which the usual price has been Half-a-Guinea, is now issued at One Shilling; post free, threepence extra. Every student of the Pianoforte ought to possess this companion to the tutor to assist him at obtaining proficiency on the instrument.

DICKS' EDITION OF STANDARD OPERAS (full music size), with Italian, French, or German and English Words. Now ready:—

DONIZETTI'S "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," with Portrait and Memoir of the Composer. Price 2s. 6d.
ROSSINI'S "IL BARBIERE," with Portrait and Memoir of the Composer. Price 2s. 6d.
Elegantly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, 5s. each. Others are in the Press. Delivered carriage free for Eightpence extra per copy to any part of the United Kingdom.

SIMS REEVES' SIX CELEBRATED TENOR SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling.
Pilgrim of Love Bishop.—Death of Nelson. Braham.—Adelaide, Beethoven.—The Thorn. Shield.
—The Anchor's Weigh'd. Braham.—Tell me, Mary, how to Woo Thee. Hodson.

ADELINA PATTI'S SIX FAVOURITE SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling. There be none of Beauty's Daughters. Mendelssohn.—Hark, hark, the Lark. Schubert.—Home, Sweet Home. Bishop.—The Last Rose of Summer. T. Moore.—Where the Bee Sucks. Dr. Arne.—Tell me, my Heart. Bishop.

CHARLES SANTLEY'S SIX POPULAR BARITONE SONGS. Music and Words. Price One Shilling.
The Lads of the Village. Dibdin.—The Wanderer. Schubert.—In Childhood My Toys. Lortzing.
—Tom Bowling. Dibdin.—Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep. Knight.—Mad Tom. Purcell.

Any of the above Songs can also be had separately, price Threepence each.

MUSICAL TREASURES.—Full Music size, price Fourpence. Now Publishing Weekly. A Complete Repertory of the best English and Foreign Music, ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental, solo and concerted, with critical and biographical annotations, for the pianoforte.

- 1 My Normandy (Ballad)
- 2 And Robin Gray (Scotch Ballad)
- 3 La Symphonie Valse
- 4 The Pilgrim of Love (Romance)
- 5 Di Pescatore (Song)
- 6 To Far-off Mountain (Duet)
- 7 The Anchor's Weigh'd (Ballad)
- 8 A Woman's Heart (Ballad)
- 9 Oh, Mountain Home! (Duet)
- 10 Above, how Brightly Beams the Morning
- 11 The Marriage of the Roses (Valse)
- 12 Norma (Duet)
- 13 Lo! Heavenly Beauty (Cavatina)
- 14 In Childhood My Toys (Song)
- 15 While Beauty Clothes the Fertile Vale
- 16 The Harp that once through Tara's Halls
- 17 The Manly Heart (Duet)
- 18 Beethoven's "Andante and Variations"
- 19 In that Long-lost Home we Love (Song)
- 20 Where the Bee Sucks (Song)
- 21 Ah, Fair Dream ("Marta")
- 22 La Petit Flenr
- 23 Angels ever Bright and Fair
- 24 Naught e'er should Sever (Duet)
- 25 'Tis but a little Faded Flower (Ballad)
- 26 My Mother bids me Bind my Hair (Canzonet)
- 27 Coming thro' the Rye (Song)
- 28 Beautiful Isle of the Sea (Ballad)
- 29 Tell me, my Heart (Song)
- 30 I know a Bank (Duet)
- 31 The Minstrel Boy (Irish Melody)
- 32 Hommage au Gentle
- 33 See what Pretty Brooms I've Bought
- 34 Tom Bowling (Song)
- 35 Tell me, Mary, how to Woo Thee (Ballad)

- 36 When the Swallows Homeward Fly (Song)
- 37 Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep (Song)
- 38 Beethoven's Waltzes First Series
- 39 As it Fell upon a Day (Duet)
- 40 A Life on the Ocean Wave (Song)
- 41 Why are you Wandering here I pray? (Ballad)
- 42 A Maiden's Prayer.
- 43 Valse Brillante
- 44 Home, Sweet Home! (Song)
- 45 Off in the Still Night (Song)
- 46 All's Well (Duet)
- 47 The "Crown Diamonds" Fantasia
- 48 Hear me, dear One (Serenade)
- 49 Youth and Love at the Helm (Barcarolle)
- 50 Adelaide Beethoven (Song)
- 51 The Death of Nelson (Song)
- 52 Hark, hark, the Lark
- 53 The Last Rose of Summer (Irish Melody)
- 54 The Thorn (Song)
- 55 The Lads of the Village (Song)
- 56 There be none of Beauty's Daughters (Song)
- 57 The Wanderer (Song)
- 58 I have Plucked the Fairest Flower
- 59 Bid Me Discourse (Song)
- 60 Fisher Maiden. (Song)
- 61 Fair Agnes (Barcarolle)
- 62 How Calm and Bright (Song)
- 63 Woman's Inconstancy (Song)
- 64 Echo Duet
- 65 The Meeting of the Waters (Irish Melody)
- 66 Lo, Here the Gentle Lark
- 67 Beethoven's Waltzes (Second Series)
- 68 Child of Earth with the golden Hair (Song)
- 69 Should he Upbraid (Song)

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

FOR THE LATEST NEWS AND TELEGRAMS
PURCHASE
REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER.

Containing the Latest Intelligence.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER goes to Press at the very last minute, in order to get the Latest News.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER contains all the News of the Week, both Home and Foreign News.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER contains the Latest News, and no other Newspaper can possibly contain later news.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER contains Special Reports of Law, Police, Sports, Lectures, Inquests, Accidents, &c., &c.

THE GREAT NEWSPAPER FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

Read by Millions.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER.

Which gives the very latest Home and Foreign Intelligence.

PRICE ONE PENNY, WEEKLY.

Printing and Publishing Offices, 313, Strand, London.

**THE ILLUSTRATED
CARPENTER AND BUILDER.**

A Weekly Journal for Architects, Decorators, Gas-fitters, Joiners, Painters, Plumbers, and all Concerned in the Construction and Maintenance of the House.

1d. Weekly; 6d. Monthly; Half-Yearly Volumes, 4s. 6d.

"It is full of information, not only for the special trades for which it is particularly designed, but for all those who have anything to do with the British workmen or house property. Abounds in excellent illustrations, plans, and diagrams. — SUNDAY TIMES, August 15th, 1880.

"For sound practical information and advice on all matters connected with the building, furnishing, and decorating trades, this weekly periodical is now universally recognised as a first-rate authority. The designs are admirably adapted to illustrate the letterpress, and thus the reader obtains a practical insight to what otherwise might prove an inexplicable puzzle. The lists it furnishes of recent inventions, abstracts of specifications, &c., will likewise prove of great value to builders, decorators, &c. — REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER, August, 15th, 1880.

Send 1½d., in Stamps, for Specimen Copy.

Volume IX, now ready, price Four Shillings and Sixpence; post-free, Five Shillings.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

41 King Henry VI.	312 Eugene Aram	371 Gilderoy	424 Mabel's Curse
42 Blue Devils	313 Wrecker's Daughter	372 { Diamond cut Dia- mond	425 { A Perplexing Pre- dicament
43 Cheats of Spain	314 Alfred the Great	{ Philippe	{ A Day in Paris
44 Charles the Second	315 { Virginia Mummy { Intrigue	373 Legend of Florence	426 Rye House Plot
45 Love Make the Man	316 { Neighbour's Wife { Married Bachelor	374 David Copperfield	427 The Little Jockey
46 Virginias	317 Richelieu	375 Dombey and Son	428 The Man in the Iron Mask
47 The School for Arro- gance	318 Money	376 Wardlock Kennilson	429 Dumb Conscript
48 The Two Gregories	319 Ion	377 Night and Morning	430 Heart of London
49 King Henry V. (Part 2)	320 The Bridal	378 Lucretia Borgia	431 Frankenstein
50 Mrs. Wiggins	321 Paul Pry	379 Ernest Maltravers	432 The Fairy Circle
51 Mysterious Husband	322 The Love Chase	380 { Turning the tables	{ Ser. - Bathing at Home
52 Heart of Midlothian	323 Glencoe	381 Poor of New York	433 { The Wrong Man
53 King Henry VI. (Part 3)	324 { Spitalfields weaver { Stingo Struck	382 St. Mary's Eve	434 The Farmer's Story
54 Illustrations Stranger	325 Robert Macaire	383 Secrets worth know- ing	435 Lady and the Devil
55 The Register Office	326 The Country Squire	384 Carpenter of Rouen	436 Vanderdecken
56 Dominique	327 Athenian Captive	385 Ivanhoe	437 A Poor Young Man
57 Chapter of Accidents	328 { Barney the Baron { The Happy Man	386 The Ladies' Club	438 { Under which King "Tobit's Dog"
58 Descartes	329 Der Freischutz	387 { Hercules	439 His Last Legs
59 Hero and Leander	330 Hush Money	388 Bears not Beasts	440 Life of an Actress
60 A Cure for the Heartache	331 East Lynne	389 The Colleen Bawn	441 White Horse of the Peppers
61 Siege of Damascus	332 The Robbers	390 The Shaughraun	442 The Artist's Wife
62 The Secret	333 The Bottle	391 The Octoroon	443 Black Domino
63 Deaf and Dumb	334 Kenilworth	392 Sixteen String Jack	444 The Village Outcast
64 Bank of the Hudson	335 The Mountaineers	393 Barnaby Rudge	445 Ten Thousand a Year
65 The Wedding Day	336 Simpson and Co.	394 The Cricket on the Hearth	446 Boulton Spa
66 Laugh when you can	337 Roland for an Oliver	395 Susan Hopley.	447 Perils of Pippins
67 What Next?	338 { Siamese Twins { Turned Head	396 Way to get Married	448 The Barrack Room
68 Raymond and Agnes	339 Maid of Calcey	397 The Wandering Jew	449 Richard Plantagenet
69 Lionel and Clarissa	340 Rip Van Winkle	398 Old Curiosity Shop	450 The Red Rover
70 The Red Crow	341 The Court Fool	399 Under the Gaslight	451 Idiot of Heidelberg
71 The Contrivance	342 Uncle Tom's Cabin	400 Jane Eyre	452 The Assignment
72 The Broken Sword	343 { Deaf as a Post { Soldier's courtship	401 Raffaele	453 Groves of Blarney
73 Polly Honeycomb	344 Bride of Lammer- moor	402 { Hunting a Turtle { Catching Heiress	454 Ask no Questions
74 Nell Gwynne	345 Gwyneth Vaughan	{ Good Night's Rest	455 Ireland as it is
75 Cymon	346 Esmeralda	403 { Lodgings for Gen- tlemen	456 Jonathan in England
76 Perfection	347 Joan of Arc	404 The Wren Boys	457 Inkle and Yarico
77 Count of Narbonne	348 Town and Country	405 { The Swiss Cottage { 'Twas I	458 The Nervous Man
78 Of Age To-morrow	349 { The Middy Ashore { Matteo Falcone	406 Clari	459 Message from the Sea
79 Orphan of China	350 Duchess of Malfi	407 { Sudden Thoughts { How to Pay Rent	460 The Black Doctor
80 Pedlar's Acre	351 Naval Engagements	408 Mary Queen of Scots	461 King O'Neil
81 The Mogul's Tale	352 Victorine	409 { The Outright { Boarding School	462 { Forty and Fifty Tom Noddy's Se- cret
82 Othello Travestie	353 Spectre Bridegroom	410 Lucille	463 The Irish Attorney
83 Law of Lombardy	354 Alice Gray	411 { The Four Sisters { Nothing to Nurse	464 The Camp
84 The Day after the Wedding	355 { Fish Out of Water { Family Jars	412 My Unknown Friend	465 St. Patrick's Day
85 The Jew	356 Rory O'More	413 { The Young Widow { More Blunders than One	466 Strange Gentleman
86 The Irish Tutor	357 Zarah	414 Woman's Love	467 Village Coquettes
87 Such Things Are	358 { Love in Humble Life	415 { A Widow's Victim Day after the Fair	468 Life of a Woman
88 The Wife	359 { Fifteen Years of Labour Lost	416 The Jewess	469 Nicholas Nickleby
89 Dragon of Wantley	360 { A Dream of the Future	417 { The Unfinished Gentleman	470 { Is She his Wife? The Lamplighter
90 Sail Dhuv	361 Elder Brother	418 Medea	471 Fernande
1 The Lying Valet	362 The Robber's Wife	419 { The Twins My Uncle's Card	472 Scamps of London
2 Lily of St. Leonard's	363 { Sleeping Draught The Smoked Miser	420 Martha Willis	473 Jessie Brown
3 Oliver Twist	364 Love	421 { Love's Labyrinth Ladder of Love	474 Oscar the Half Blood
4 The Housekeeper	365 The Fatal Dowry	422 The White Boys	475 Mary Duango
5 Child of Nature	366 { The Bengal Tiger Kill or Cure	423 { Mistress of Mill Frederick of Prus- sia	476 Narcisse, the Va- grant
6 Home, Sweet Home	367 Paul Clifford		477 Little Gerty
7 Which is the Man	368 Dumb Man of Man- chester		478 Obi
8 Caius Gracchus	369 The Sergeant's Wife		479 Ansterlitz
9 Mayor of Garratt	370 Jonathan Bradford		480 My Grandfather's Will
10 Woodman			481 Hidden Treasure
11 Midnight Hour			482 True as Steel
12 Woman's Wit			483 Self Accusation
13 The Parse			484 The Crown Prince
14 Votary of Wealth			485 Yew-Tree Ruins
15 The Life Buoy			486 Charles O'Malley
16 Wild Oats			
17 Bookwood			
18 The Gambler's Fate			
19 Heane the Hunter			
20 "Yes!" and "No!"			
1 The Sea-Captain			

487 { Bandit { The Snow Helped	504 The Birthday	527 You Can't Marry your Grandmother	550 Merchant of London
488 { Jargonelle { A Marriage Noose	505 { The Stone Jug	528 Rochester	551 { One Fault
489 { Lost Pocket-Book	507 Jacob Faithful	529 The Golden Calf	552 { Jacket of Blue
490 { Twenty and Forty	508 Jack Ketch	530 Bride of Ludgate	553 { Cousin Peter
{ All's Fair in Love	509 The Bold Dragoons	531 { Twice Killed	554 Bubbles of the Day
{ A Woman will be	510 Remorse	532 { A Day Well Spent	555 Bean Nash
{ a Woman	511 Old House at Home	533 Tam O'Shanter	556 Pauvrete
491 { Captain's Ghost	512 The Jersey Girl	534 Woodstock	557 Andy Blake
{ Hat Box	513 Haroun Alraschid	535 Jack Brag	558 Blanche of Jersey
492 { No. 157 B	514 Beggar's Petition	536 { New Footman	{ Doctor Dilworth
493 { Lovely	515 { My Own Blue Bell	537 { King's Gardener	{ My Fellow Clerk
{ Bow Bell (e)s	516 Grimalkin	538 Woman's Faith	559 Pascal Bruno
494 { Mistaken	517 Paulina	539 Master Clarke	560 Wicklow Mountain
{ Locksmith	518 { Affair of Honour	540 Joconde	561 { The Pic-nic
{ Portmanteau	{ The Lancers	541 The Steward	{ Railway Hotel
495 Ruth	519 St. Patrick's Eve	542 The Evil Eye	562 Fashionable Arrivals
496 Maid of Mariendortp	520 Mr. Greenfinch	543 Sam Weller	563 The Water Party
497 The Turf	521 The Hall Porter	544 Tekeli	564 { Boots at the Sw
498 Harlequin Hoax	522 Prisoner of War	545 Parole of Honour	{ Lucky Stars
499 Sweeney Todd	523 { Match Making	546 The Roebuck	565 Walter Tyrrel
500 My Poll and my	{ The Dumb Belle	547 { My Little Adopted	566 Izaak Walton
Partner Joe	524 Lucky Horse-shoe	548 { A Gentleman in	567 Wife's Stratagem
501 The King's Wager	525 { My Wife's Dentist	{ Difficulties	568 { Marceline
502 Tower of London	526 { Railroad Station	549 Wish-ton Wish	{ The Daughter
503 { Monsieur Jacques	527 The Schoolfellow	550 Nick of the Woods	569 Field of Forty Foot
{ Plot & Counterplot	528 { Woman-hater (vice	551 Faith and Falsehood	steps
	{ Comfortable Ser-	552 Lalla Rookh	570 The Wigwam

Each Play is printed from the Original Work of the Author, without Abridgment.

Each Play is Illustrated.

To the Theatrical Profession, Amateurs, and others, this edition is invaluable, as full stage directions, costumes, &c., are given.

All the back numbers are in print, and can be purchased separately. One penny each, or per post, 1s.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. All Booksellers.

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

VALUABLE EXPIRED COPYRIGHTS

THE EDITOR having been frequently solicited to publish in the progress of this work certain Plays that are very scarce, has endeavoured to meet the wishes of the profession, by purchasing the

OLD LIBRARY OF THE ADELPHI THEATRE,

comprising some of the most popular Manuscript pieces of their day, and it has been decided that selection from that library will be included in Dicks' Edition of the Free Acting Drama, which, with the standard plays of J. B. Buckstone, F. R. Planche, Charles Mathews, Bayle Bernard, C. Selby, T. S. Serle, B. Webster, J. Ozenford, W. G. Lovell, Mark Lemon, E. Fitzball, Stirling Coyne, &c., &c., will form the finest dramatic collection in the world, containing more than four times the number of non-copyright dramas that are to be found in any other edition of plays. Notwithstanding the low price at which the plays are published, no expense will be spared to render the series *unique* in every particular. From the very flattering manner in which the work has been received, and in compliance with the pressing solicitations of the profession, arrangements have also been made to select all the most popular Farces of the day, and so form an inexhaustible stock for our low comedians. Finally, the Public will be enabled to obtain in "Dicks' Standard Plays" a complete theatrical library, each play uniform and elegant in appearance, admirably illustrated, correctly marked from the Prompter Manuscript, with all the stage business as represented, and issued in an illustrated cover, for the small sum of One Penny.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. All Booksellers.

Now Ready, Price Threepence,

THE ACTOR'S HAND-BOOK,

AND GUIDE TO THE STAGE FOR AMATEURS.

BY THE OLD STAGER.

How to Study, How to Read, How to Declaim, How to Improve the Voice, How to Memorize, How to Make up the Figure, How to Tread the Stage, How to Manage the Hands, How to Express the various Emotions, How to do Bye-Play, How to Obtain an Engagement, &c., &c.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. All Booksellers.

PR
3736
T67H5
1882

Townley, James
High life below stairs
New and complete ed.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

